

Sometimes the Heart Wanders
by misscam

Category: Water Rats
Genre: Romance
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2000-05-17 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-05-17 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:00:56
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,224
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Alternative ending to the ep. One Dead Rat. What if Rachel had said yes to Frank's offer of protection?

Sometimes the Heart Wanders

Sometimes the Heart Wanders...
>By Camilla Sandman<p>

Disclaimer: I wish, I wish, but alas, Hal would only laugh if I asked for their ownership!

Author's Note: This story is post-Goldie's Trip, a sort of alternative ending to One Dead Rat. After seeing the ep, Hilde asked me very sweetly if I could do a story where Rachel didn't say those dreadful words at the end of One Dead Rat (R: "Listen Frank, I think we had our moment, and I think we missed it." F: "Did we?" R: "Yeah, we did. Maybe it's for the best." Me and Hilde I reckon as well: Nooooooooooooooooooooo!) So, I did a few minor changes to the episode.. you might wanna repeat what happens in it, and maybe in Goldie's Trip as well. (The date, ya knowâ€|) Basically, the Lipinski brothers have escaped from prison, and they might be after Frank and Rachel, who are working with a 3rd cop, Doug. This picks up in the middle of the episode, just as Doug heads off home and has told them to be careful, cos you never know who'll come knockingâ€|

Here ya go Hilde!

II

"I think I might head home too," Rachel remarked as Doug could be heard trotting down the stairs.

"You be alright?" Frank asked, looking at her with a gaze she couldn't quite interpret. "You know, Doug thinks he's a bit comical, but there is some truth in what he says." "What, that she's too tall for you?" Rachel joked, referring to the Ursula Andress comment

earlier. He didn't even blink as she said it, keeping his intense gaze on her.

"You know what I mean."

She leaned forward over the desk.

"You offering protection Frank?"

"If you want it," he replied softly. She met his gaze, and saw that he meant it seriously. There was something else there too, something that seemed to push away all her tiredness. She opened her mouth to tell him it wasn't such a good idea, but closed it again. What harm would it do? She would sleep easier, and besides..

"Only if we pick up some beers on the way!" she offered and got up. He stared after her with a look of utter surprise painted across his face. After a few seconds, she peeked back into the office.

"You coming or what Frank?"

He didn't need to be asked twice.

Picking up his jacket, he turned off the lights as they left the building together. It was a pretty warm night, a slow breeze made sure it didn't get too hot.

Her house was dark and quiet and didn't seem to have any vengeful criminals in it. Frank took a round checking nevertheless, before they both popped down in the couch.

"Soâ€|" he said.

"So what? I think it looks like our friend Doug was wrong."

"Well, they could still show up."

"They're probably waiting outside your house," she pointed out.

"You reckon? Let them wait then," he smiled, leaning back in the couch a bit. He looked.. comfortable.

"The sofa is not very comfortable," she said with a shrug.

"The sofa will be fine," he assured her, "unless I get a special invitation of courseâ€|" He trailed off with a challenging smile.

"In your dreams Francis!" she said with a head shake, "speaking of dreamsâ€|"

"Say no more, you just head for bed, and I'll make myself comfortable hereâ€|" he said, gathering some pillows. She regarded him with affection.

"Thanks, Frank," and she leaned forward impulsively and kissed him. Quite what possessed her, she wasn't sure, but it was more than a simple thank you. She caught him totally off guard, the first few seconds he didn't even seem to breathe. The she felt him respond, adding pressure on her lips, and she parted them without thinking. He

tasted slightly of beer and something.. Frankish.

He was still holding the pillow in his one hand, the other had gone around her waist. Hers was in his hair, combing through it slowly.

Just how long it lasted she wasn't sure, maybe a minute, maybe 15. But finally he pulled back, and she opened her eyes to focus on his face. It was so close she could see every detail, including his rapid breath and his deep brown eyes clouded by.. desire?

She could have kicked herself.

"Rachel?"

"I'm going to bed. Goodnight Frank," she muttered, turning around. She felt his eyes drill holes in her back, but he said nothing.

She could still feel his eyes on her as she slipped under the covers of her bed. She shouldn't have said yes to his offer. She should have stayed with her father after all. It would have been safer, and she wouldn't have all these thoughts running through her head. These disturbing.. fantasies?

"Aw shit!" She was having fantasies about Frank. Frank. Her partner, her friend.. and such a fabulous kisser! Damn, damn, damn. She shouldn't think about that, how his tongue had roamed her mouth and how her knees had almost turned to jelly..

A shiver ran down her spine as she imagined his kisses on her neck, her shoulders..

"Stop it right there!" she firmly told herself. He was just downstairs! If she wanted to sleep, she was going to have to change her trail of thought.

Cold water, riding waves, Nemesis, Frank looking at her, Frank kissing herâ€¦ No, no, no, wrong trail.

Downstairs, Frank were having similar problems. He felt flustered, his cheeks seemed to be burning. Yeah, he had imagined what it would be like many times, but it hadn't prepared him for the.. Intensity of it, the possessiveness that had came over him. He wanted her, and she hadn't seemed to reluctant herself.

A part of him urged him to go upstairs, to find out what it would be like once and for all. Replace all the fantasies with the real thing.

But he couldn't. It wouldn't be fair. He wanted her to want it. Yeah, sure, he wanted her, but not just for a round in the sack.

Damn, it was complicated. It wasn't any easier knowing she was just a floor away, in her bed, probably asleep. He'd snuggle up to her, and hold her until morning came and..

"Stop it!" he told himself. Yeah, he had let the thought cross his mind when he had offered her protection, but that wasn't the main reason.. was it?

Who was he kidding? Of course he had thought about it, and even more so lately, when Knocker had been put behind them and she would be ready to move on. He wanted it to be with him. He had imagined just how it would be like.. it would be right.

He should just tell her already. Just walk up there and tell her and.. He turned around, staring right into the blue eyes of Rachel, who was standing in the doorway.

"Rachel?"

"What are we doing Frank?" she asked, stepping closer.

He shrugged his shoulders, keeping his gaze on her.

"We shouldn't do it.. it could ruin things," she continued, but didn't stop walking towards him.

"Yeah," he agreed.

"We should stop this here and now." She was so close now he could reach out and touch her. One more step, and she would be in his arms.

"We should," he agreed again, but she took the final step nevertheless.

He kissed her slowly, caressing her neck with his hands while at it. When he broke it off, she took his hand gently, and led him up the stairs, her gaze never faltering.

"You sure?" he asked as she led him towards the bed.

"No.." she whispered, taking his head between her hands, "but I'm not letting my doubts win this one."

She kissed him long and so good he had long forgotten the question when she broke off to push her t-shirt off. He could only stare, wide-eyed. She leaned against him, bringing his hands to rest on her stomach. He swallowed, hard.

And he found no fantasies could prepare him for the real thing.

II

"Frank? Frank?"

"Hmmmhmmmâ€|" he muttered, not wanting to wake from the wonderful dream he was having. He was in Rachel's bed and..

"Frank!"

His eyes flew open. It wasn't a dream! He was indeed in her bed, she was standing in the doorway, hissing at him. He detected just a hint of amusement behind her stern mask though

"Hmpfâ€|" he closed his eyes, then reopened them. She was still in the doorway, and the warm, tickling feeling had stayed. No doubt about it, they had done it. As his senses slowly woke up, the

memories returned.

"Frank, we'll be late, and you hafta change clothes orâ€|" she trailed off.

"Or they'll think I spent the night at your place, screwing the whole night."

"You're such a pig, Holloway!" she snorted, "You got five minutes to get out of MY bed!" And with that she was gone again. He lifted his gaze to the roof, wondering just how to interpret her behaviour. She showed no signs of regret, but she wasn't being tooâ€|cuddly either. Rachel Goldstein wasn't really the cuddly type though.. she was many things, but not very cuddly.

He pushed away the covers, searching for his clothes. They were scattered all over the place, and his underwear was simply no where to be found. As he trotted down the stairs, he took a deep breath. This was possibly the most important morning-after he'd ever had, and he didn't want to ruin it saying something stupid.

"Good morning," he said carefully.

"Good morning," she replied, "we're gonna be late."

"Umm.. shouldn't we like talk about this?"

She closed her eyes, fighting the urge to dismiss it all, forget it ever had happened. It would only ruin things further.

"Yeah.. but not now."

"Yeah, right.. drop me by my place so I can change?"

"Yeahâ€|"

They drove off in silence into the waking day.

II

The sun was getting low as another day came towards an end. A good day for the Sydney Water Police, justice had prevailed, the Lipinski brothers and their accomplish was once again behind bars, hopefully to stay this time. It had been dramatic for a while, but now it was all in order. Except one conversation not yet had.

"Soâ€|." Rachel said, looking up at her partner. They were sitting at the pier, Doug having just trotted off. They had solved the case, locked away the bad guys, but she was worried about Frank.

David Lipinski had almost got him, and then Frank had almost shot David. If she hadn't turned upâ€|

"Soâ€|" Frank repeated, placing the beer on the ground. A mild breeze were blowing through his hair, and she had to fight an urge to fix it.

"You would have shot David Lipinski if I hadn't showed up today, wouldn't you?" He shot a glance at her, nodding slightly.

"There's a strong possibility, yes."

"Doesn't that bother you?"

"At the time it didn't."

She chose her next words carefully.

"Not for my benefit, I hope," she said gently. He sent her a glance telling her the opposite.

"Frank.. I don't want to ruin the partnership. And lately you're acting likeâ€|"

"Your boyfriend?" he asked sarcastically, "could have fooled me into thinking that is what I am."

"Damnit Frank, this is exactly my point!" She took a deep breath, calming herself.

"It shouldn't have happened last night.."

"Don't give me that Rach!" he snapped, standing up, "you wanted it as much as me.. Or you're the best damn actor in the world! You're telling me.. this isn't good?"

His mouth was so fast on hers she had no chance of uttering a protest, and even if she could have, it would soon have fallen dead. She wanted to punch at him.. instead her hands tugged at his tie, pulling him closer. When they finally broke apart, she felt light-headed.

After a few seconds silence, she shook her head firmly. "It would never work, Frank."

"How will you know if you don't give it a chance?" There was a plea in his eyes, her knees were turning to jelly just looking at him.

"We should end it," she insisted.

"Fine. If you want to end it, you look me in the eye and you tell me it's over."

She met his gaze, staring into his deep brown eyes, into his very soul. And damn, her, she couldn't say the words.

Instead she leaned forward, kissing him lightly on the lips, adjusting his hair.

"You promise to make coffee in the morning?" she asked.

"Every morning," he promised, stroking her chin.

"Every morning, eh?" she asked, feeling her heart skip a beat. To her horror, she found the concept tempting. Glancing up at him, she saw the confirmation in his eyes, the strong spark that were only there for her.

"Every morning."

End
file.